

The best that
money can buy...
or points procure

Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

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PUNCH



AUGUST
9
1944

Vol. CCVII
No. 5402

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see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please





Makes a Wizard Summer Drink

WITH a cool, creamy deliciousness all its own, added to its refreshing and revitalising nutriment, 'Ovaltine' mixed Cold provides everything you could desire in a summer drink. It possesses all those exceptional health-giving qualities which have made 'Ovaltine' the nation's most popular food beverage.

During the hot-weather days make 'Ovaltine' Cold your constant stand-by. It will help to restore strength and energy, and maintain your fitness at a high level.

'Ovaltine' Cold is easily and quickly prepared. Just add 'Ovaltine' to cold milk or milk and water and mix thoroughly with a whisk, or in a shaker.

Ovaltine MIXED Cold

P626A



FOR PROTECTION OF THE SKIN

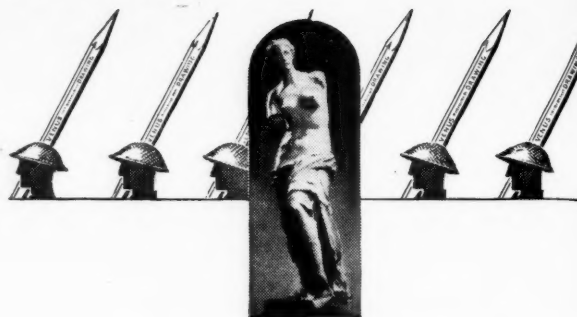


In the interests
of National Health

*always
wash
your hands
before meals
with*

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap
1 tablet • 1 coupon



Weapons of War

MORE and more pencils are needed every day to design the weapons that are still the key to victory—Tanks, ships, aeroplanes. That is why pencils made by the Venus Pencil Company are in such heavy demand for vital war industry. Branded lines, extra grades, fine finish and luxury workmanship—

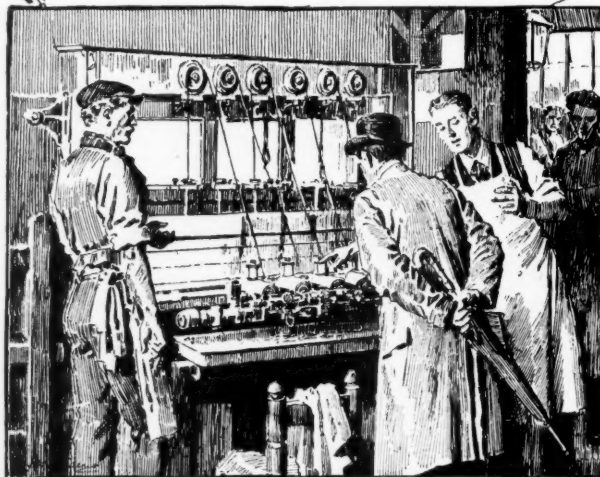
these must give way temporarily to the needs of war—but the traditional standard of Venus quality still remains. The public can still obtain and depend upon the standardised "War Drawing" (in 7 grades) and "Utility" (Blacklead, Copying and Coloured) Pencils now produced by the Venus Pencil Co.

VENUS

Still stands for Quality in Pencils

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.S.

Threads from the loom of time



THE DISCOVERY OF RAYON

THE 1900 Paris Exhibition is a date and place to remember for it was here that Courtaulds first interested themselves in the process which has given the world the lovely fabrics known as Courtaulds Rayon.

Characteristically, once Courtaulds decided to "take up" the new process, they threw themselves into research and development. Patience, perseverance and financial fortitude brought its reward, and in due course the original Courtaulds rayon was made available to the public.

Viewed from present-day standards, these first rayon materials seem but poor travesties of the lovely fabrics so popular before the war.

It is one of to-day's hardships that Courtaulds rayons are scarce, but with the return of Peace they will again be obtainable in even greater variety than before. In addition, new developments in other spheres are being perfected to add to the amenities of modern living.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON





Even now, hundreds of thousands of pre-war Radiac shirts are still giving excellent service . . . which is just as well, considering the quota restrictions and the ever-increasing demand for shirts with a reputation for quality.

If, however, you *must* buy a shirt, and you *are* lucky enough to get a Radiac, you may be sure of one thing at least . . . you've got unbeatable coupon value.

Radiac
QUALITY SHIRTS

Made by MCINTYRE, HOGG,
MARSH & CO. LTD., Shirt
Manufacturers for 100 years



SEROCALCIN assists the **natural** defences of the body to repel organisms that cause colds. It has been prescribed by Doctors for many years.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin tablets gives 3 to 4 months immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases. Existing colds usually respond to Serocalcin in 48 hours.

There are no "drugs" in Serocalcin and no unpleasant reactions. It can be given to children with perfect safety.

The immunizing course of 60 tablets—2 daily for 30 days—costs 8/5½ inc. tax. For existing cold.—3 tablets 3 times daily—there is a special 20 tablet pack price 3/4½.

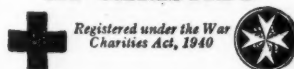
If you suffer from colds, ask your Doctor or Chemist about Serocalcin (Reg. Trade Mark) or send id. stamp for booklet "Immunity from Colds"

HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD. WATFORD, HERTS.



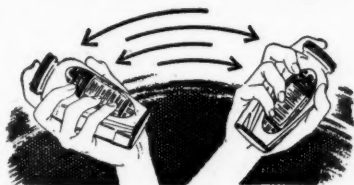
Stored away in "safety" there are countless Jewels, unworn, unseen. AND we have living men for whom necessities are urgently wanted . . . Prisoners of War, Sick and Wounded. A hidden treasure taken out of store and sent to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 15 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, would help to meet that growing need through the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Send for the next

**RED CROSS
Jewel Sale
AT CHRISTIE'S**



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY
*Beechams Pills
Limited*

To economise with Brylcreem



**TWO
HELPFUL
TIPS**

- (1) It is important to shake the bottle the right way, for 'expert shaking' makes the Cream 'fluid,' thus enabling you to control the flow. Grasp the bottle as shown (note the finger firmly on the cap) then flick the wrist smartly to and fro in semi-rotary fashion for a few seconds; on removing cap the cream will then flow without difficulty.
- (2) When the bottle is nearly empty add a teaspoonful of clean, cold water, shake vigorously for a minute and note how cleanly the Cream comes from the Bottle. Yes! you *can* use the last drop.

BRYLCREEM
THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

royds 795

**THIS YEAR.
NEXT YEAR.
SOMETIME**



There is some doubt about the exact date when the Horse Guards will reappear in their familiar dress uniform—but when that day comes—perhaps before—there will be sufficient Meltonian Shoe Cream for everyone's needs again, which is fortunate for the Guardsmen—and for you.

MELTONIAN.

VENT-AXIA
for
better
air
conditions



VENT-AXIA LTD
A VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.1
AND AT GLASGOW & MANCHESTER

**Important
Notice to
Our Sherry
Customers**



FINDLATER'S FINO, well-known to Sherry drinkers all over the World, will in future be known as

FINDLATER'S DRY FLY SHERRY

The reason: Findlater's FINO cannot be registered and protected from imitations under that name. FINDLATER'S DRY FLY is now registered throughout the World.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King
22, Wigmore Street, W.1

**'A little of
what you fancy'**

really does you good, when Lembar is your choice. Besides being pleasant to drink, pure lemon juice, cane sugar, finest barley and glucose form a high-caloric drink which takes some of the misery out of acidosis, colds, biliousness or fevers. Precious half-bottles of Lembar may still be had—but only from the chemist and only for the sickroom. Throats that are thirsty (but not sore) must wait until after the war.

**RAYNER'S medicinal
Lembar**

Obtainable from
chemists

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

**TOO BAD SHE DIDN'T
GET A Halex TOOTHBRUSH**



I DID!



**and I'm
taking good care
of it!**

**BRISTLE OR NYLON — HALEX
MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH BRUSHES**

**Change to
Colgate Brushless**

**FOR LIGHTNING SHAVES
WITHOUT STING OR BURN**

**HARDER TO GET
NOW — BUT WORTH IT
WHEN YOU DO**



Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning!

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

History in the making



**1840
35 years**

before the building of the Houses of Parliament was begun from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, the firm of Seager Evans was founded. With a record of 139 years of fine distilling, they still produce the unrivalled

**SEAGERS
GIN**

Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

25/3
Full size
bottle

13/3
Half
bottle

ESTD

1805



TRADE MARK

WARDONIA

BLADES

**FOR BETTER SHAVES.
SOLD BY NAAFI.**

A Kingly Product!

SENIOR'S

FISH & MEAT PASTES



*"In the present
state of medical
knowledge..."*

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these war years. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

*In one size only during war time—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).*

A 'Genatosan' Product.

'Celanese'
TRADE MARK
PRODUCTS

In the past you looked for Beauty, and found 'Celanese.' Today you look for Quality—and still the answer is 'Celanese,' for although supplies are restricted, the quality has been maintained. In the future, you will look for—what? Something lovelier than you know already... something finer, yet stronger... something quite revolutionary. Already we have the Products to satisfy this desire, and when Peace comes they will be released to give impetus to post-war life.

G248/B



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

Bronnley
Makers of
FINE SOAPS
for Fifty Years

*The name
which is
traditional
in the art of
soap making*

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.
LONDON, W.3.



Why does

VOTRIX
VERMOUTH

cost you so little?

In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths.

Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.



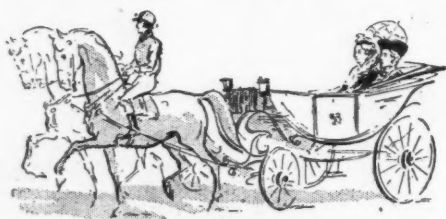
WHOLESALE: DELLBURY GARMENTS LTD., 3/4A LITTLE PORTLAND ST., W.1



Most of us take 'the chemist' for granted. We go to him for advice and always receive kindly, skilled, attention; we take the doctor's prescription to him, knowing that it will be accurately dispensed. This faith in the chemist is fully justified, for he is a highly-trained expert and a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a most important part of the country's health organisation. As an expert he knows the value of the preparations which he sells over the counter.

*For more than forty years
chemists have recommended*

EUTHYMOL
TOOTH PASTE



A Royal Progress

In 1862 you could walk into Mr. Romary's shop in Tunbridge Wells and buy as many biscuits as you pleased. Queen Victoria did—and liked them so much she ordered them to be specially made for her. To-day, wartime conditions make Romary a rare luxury. But we hope that in the not too distant future you will once again be able to buy as many as you like.

ROMARY
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits



ATKINSONS *Eau de Cologne*

If the Victorian "little woman" was thrown on her own resources she opened a little cake shop, produced some Maids of Honour tarts, and felt that fate had dealt her an unkind blow. But she kept her apron gophered, her parting combed straight, and used her Atkinsons Eau de Cologne while she waited for someone to come and marry her. To-day's "little woman" may also turn to cookery, but she supervises a works' canteen providing meals for several hundreds daily; and she plans, buys, supervises and fills in ration forms without turning a hair. And when she gives her mind to romance, she too loves Atkinsons exquisite fragrance; but unless she has a little saved we're afraid she'll have to do without Atkinsons until after the war, because manufacture has now ceased. We're sorry!



ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

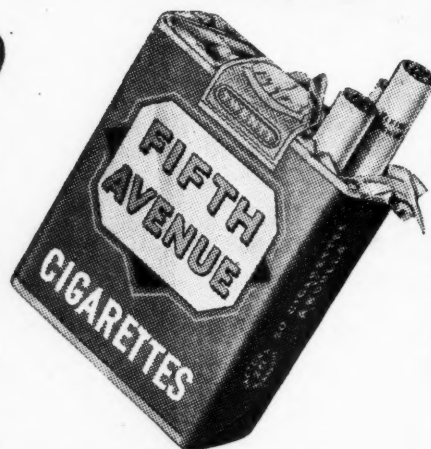
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J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

*Get it
at
Harrods*

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5402

August 9 1944

Charivaria

GOEBBELS is now Germany's man-power boss. Selection of a suitable man was narrowed down till it fitted him.

A sinister suggestion regarding the large number of German generals who surrender on the Eastern Front is that they want to start writing their war memoirs.

The real crux of the Turkish situation seems to be that while some of our diplomats have been tending to count their chickens before they were hatched Turkey naturally isn't anxious to burn her boats by crossing her fences before she comes off them.

Holidays At Home

"WANTED, a Set of Charlotte Yonge's Novels; also a Garden Umbrella with stand."—*Advt. in "The Times."*



Hitler is reported to have visited the Eastern front. For the last time; after this it will be visiting him.

"I can remember when beer was beer and you never saw a dart-board in a bar," says a centenarian. Well, modern beer has at least improved visibility.

A man in court complained that hordes of his wife's relations had attempted to occupy his house, but further evidence showed it was merely a very small clique of usurpers.

Riding on the crest of the Berlin rumour tide was a bottle message from Ribbentrop. He wants to know if his old job is still open.



More meetings between Hitler and Mussolini are predicted. It seems likely. Neither has so far to come.

Official figures show that furniture costing £86 4s. new in 1939 now costs £226 10s. secondhand. This should quell those rumours of fantastic prices.

Pip Specialist

"GARDNER, expred., with knowledge tomatoes, veg., and fruit, both inside and out."—*Advt. in Devon paper.*

It appears that every German can now choose which side he will support, so long as he doesn't mind being shot.

The disillusioned little man seen wandering disconsolately in the Wilhelmstrasse recently is thought to have been Goebbels' latest great man-power comb-out.

"Are there any evidences of an underground Press in London?" wonders a reader. Hasn't he ever travelled on it during the rush hour?



Trouble With Baby

STUDY the Public in all of its phases,
Tell it to-day it is naughty or nice,
Powder and cosset it, dope it with phrases,
Praise it for virtue, and blame it for vice;
Call it heroic to stand on a ruin
When nothing was left but on ruins to stand,
Go and look after it, see what it's doin',
Say it deserves a good slap on the hand.

Profligate, patriot, dauntless in danger,
Tell it it's running away from the war,
Say that it's nosing too deep in the manger
Give it less food then—no—give it some more;
Why is it crowding the holiday stations?
Can it be possibly frightened of glass?
Why is it petulant, where is its patience?
Leave it alone to lie down on the grass.

Wheel it about, let it have a good rocking,
Why does it drop all its toys from the pram?
Say it is wonderful, say it is shocking,
Stuff it with margarine, smear it with jam;
Send out a party to check its reactions,
Ask if it likes to have chalk in its bread
Cut it in pieces, divide it in fractions,
Change all its underclothes, put it to bed.

Fill it with stories to stop it from squealing,
Ply it with imbecile questions all day,
Tell it precisely what things it is feeling,
Don't let it get too despondent or gay;
Cradle it, worry it, crowd it and scatter it,
Call it too purple, or call it too pink,
Butter it, batter it, flutter it, flatter it,
Don't let it bother you, don't let it think.

Call it a scalliwag, say that the ages
Will always be proud of its poise and its calm,
Ask why it wants an increase in its wages,
Give it a rattle to hold in its palm;
Tell it that War is more dreadful than Peace is
But Peace, when it comes, will be equally grave,
Why is the poor little face all in creases?
Terrible infant—why won't you behave? *EVOL.*

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

VII

SEVERAL times I have heard Amos suggest what he called subjects for discussion, a fund of which is always a useful thing to have. Of the more celebrated examples in favour among the young, such as "Which is it better to be, a small frog in the middle of a big pond or a big frog in the middle of a small pond?" or "Would you rather be a man with a tin hat and small whiskers or a man with a small hat and tin whiskers?" he thought little, holding them (if at all) to be arid philosophical exercises; but there was one of his own that always seemed to me pretty good—"If you came on a man in the street who was selling what appeared to be genuine five-pound notes for a penny each, would you buy one?"

"In any company," Amos observed of this subject, "you will get somebody to say Yes and somebody to say No, because this is a topic that touches the very roots of personal idiosyncrasy in one way or another. And what more can an argument ever do? Bless me, you don't suggest there's any possibility of any argument's ever being settled?"

Another of what he described as his bits of Homely Wisdom in proverbial form, which I mentioned in the fourth article of this series, was the exceedingly pregnant but not very often applicable remark "You can always get one more match into a box of matches, but you can never get one more out."

"For a long time," said Amos once, "I have been aware that there are other phenomena on the same plane, as it were, as *restaurateur's French*, or menu French—phenomena with a limited and dubious existence, things that fulfil some of the canons of reality but in which one cannot really believe, the psychical phenomena of the æsthetic world."

He looked round, opening his eyes wide, apparently expecting a buzz of applause and curiosity. Nobody said a word, and he had to go on:

"... but I could never find a suitable example till recently, when the papers were full of those plans for the new London." We could see him wondering how long a pause he could risk here, and deciding to cut his losses and supply the stooge's remark himself: "You ask, what else is on the same plane as *restaurateur's French*? and I reply—" ("Quick as a flash," someone acidly interjected) "*—architect's sunlight*."

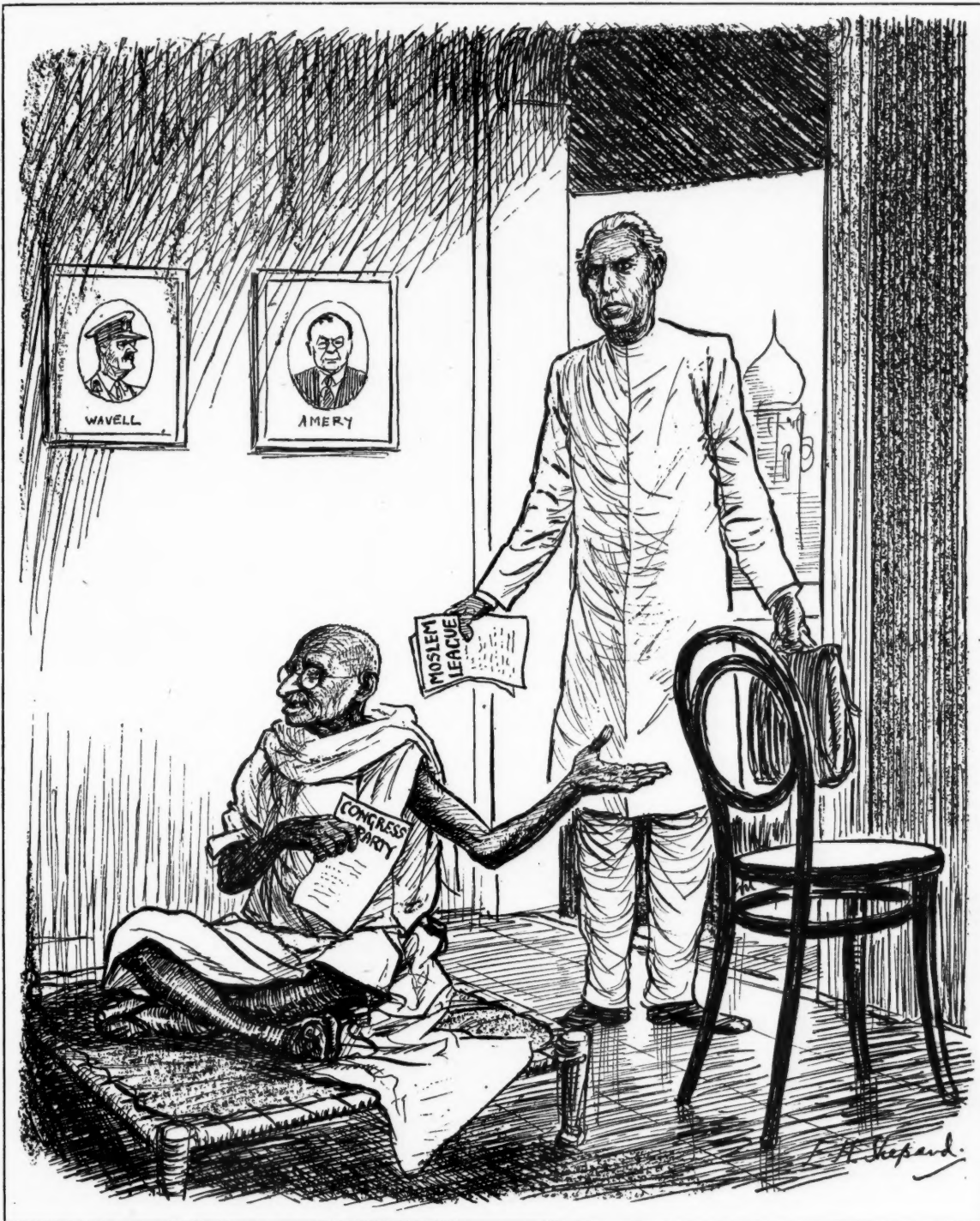
At a point in the talk where he wanted to ridicule an opponent's assumption he said "If I may be disgustingly outspoken"—it was the only time I ever heard him use this apologetic introduction or anything like it, presumably because it was not nearly as necessary as it often had been—"you might as well expect a baby to spit straight."

"The truncated cliché," Amos observed, "is a fascinating study: I mean the piece of a phrase or the incomplete sentence that has become a cliché in its broken form whereas the complete group of words of which it is a part has not, because nobody could tell you precisely what it is. I am thinking particularly of two phrases of abuse very popular in the films: one is 'Why, you—' and the other is 'You dirty, double-crossing—.' The other fellow has to play fair and interrupt at the right moment, otherwise the speaker would merely give the impression of having suddenly succumbed to amnesia."

"You mean—" said a listener, but Amos seemed not to notice, and went on: "There is, I may observe, a well-known and popular cliché which is always regarded as complete, whereas it is nothing of the kind: *still alive and kicking*. The man may be still alive, but who is he kicking? He may have turned quite round."

"You mean—" the listener said again. Amos gave him a dirty look and took care to pause for several flat moments before saying anything else.

"Funny?" Amos said once, asked his opinion of a British film he had been to see (with a complimentary ticket). "I wouldn't say it was exactly that. It was about as funny as the joke being enjoyed by the distinguished visitor in the newspaper photograph, and a large



WHEN EAST MEETS EAST

"Come in and take a seat."

[Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah are expected to meet this month.]



"Well, he should know—maybe I should 'a' challenged him like he said!"

part of the audience, either over-indulgent or under-witted, accorded it quantities of precisely that kind of laughter."

* * * * *

In one of our frequent talks about literature a man asked Amos what he thought was the hardest thing to write, adding sourly "And don't give me that crack about cheques—I warn you I am armed."

Amos looked at him loftily. "The hardest thing to write," he replied, "is an exceedingly short dictionary."

* * * * *

"A great deal of modern decoration," growled Amos, glowering at a young woman with a gin who wore various small representations of little dogs affixed to or dangling from parts of her attire, and who may have been just too far off to hear him, "seems to have been produced under the all-pervading influence of the Central School of Arts and Craft's."

R. M.

"The Secretary stated that approaches had been made to the Society by Architects and Technical Institutions for its views on the size of garage accommodation to be provided with the average post-war house. The Committee agreed that the maximum space desirable would be 18 ft. x 10 ins., but emphasised the necessity for the problem being considered from the point of view of progressive development, bearing in mind the possible need for two-car garages in the future."—Trade Association's "Progress Report."

Right. How about 18 ft. x 1 ft. 8 ins.?

Ltr to Slvge Clctr

DEAR SIR/S,—The Slvge has been accumulating for the last five weeks at Taddler's Emporium and I/we would be grateful if you could make your Wkly Clctn without fail sometime this month.

The Firm likes the Slvge to be kept in a tidy heap but there is such a tidy heap of it now that it is spreading to the space that Mrs. Bladge took up putting down eggs and Mr. Bladge himself is hard put to it to know where to start to stop it.

If you can inform me/us as to the approx. date of your proposed visit approximately, I/we will endeavour to have the Slvge assembled in the Yrd and will get Our Driver to park his Delivery Vehicle in the cycle rack; this will ensure that there is room in the Emporium's Loading Yrd for your handcart.

Mr. Bladge has put A Small Helping Hand in an envelope under the large box of Empty Bttles which he feels sure you will collect this time and he also has high hopes that you will remove the sacks of Grsy Pprs which he cannot dispose of now that Mrs. Bladge's boiler has gone out until the coal has come in.

I/We remain,

Yours faithfully,

p.p. per pro TADDLER'S EMPORIUM.

(Sgnd) J. BLADGE.

Cock-a-Doodle-Don't

"EXCUSE me, sir?"

"No," I said.

"It's the man about the bells." "Then direct him to the Typing Pool," I said, not lifting my eyes from a yellowing paper marked IMMEDIATE which seemed to give a rough picture of the Order of Battle of the Abyssinian Air Force at the date of the Boxer Rising, and which had probably been lodged for a time in the interstices of the Civil Service.

"It's the electric alarm-bells, sir, for the doodle-bugs."

"In that case it's not me, it's Flight-Lieutenant Umph."

"Flight-Lieutenant Umph is not here, sir."

"And why is Flight-Lieutenant Umph not here?"

"It's his grandmother, sir."

"She is no doubt being interred?"

"Yes, sir. All the man wants to know is where to put the bells."

"Flight-Lieutenant Umph is amply recompensed by the taxpayer for being the only officer here fully versed in all the factors involved in siting such alarms. I am neither one nor the other. Will his grandmother take long?"

"A two-day job, sir, I understand."

"I am not in the least surprised. Show the gentleman in."

He was a keen-looking fellow dressed quietly in soft dialling tones.

"I am sorry I have been troubled," I said courteously, indicating a clean chair and an uncharred cigarette.

"Thank you, I don't smoke."

"But you probably sit down," I said.

"At the same time we must in honesty accept the fact that it is all the fault of Flight-Lieutenant Umph's grandmother. As it is extremely unlikely that she will have remembered either you or me in her will—indeed it would be a remarkable feat of memory if she had—I feel we are entirely free to criticize her timing of her last exit. Don't you agree?"

"Absolutely," said the M.A.T.B. who was winding himself up as if to say more.

"To be perfectly frank," I went on, cutting my voice to a whisper and grimacing so that my visitor might have the advantages, such as they are, of lip-reading. "I very much doubt if Flight-Lieutenant Umph ever had a grandmother. But I should be obliged if you would kindly treat that as CONFIDENTIAL, if not SECRET. In the commercial ethic I believe it is considered all right to

question the existence of a relative whose burial has necessitated the absence of a colleague, but in the Services—well, a brother officer, and all that."

"I quite understand," said the M.A.T.B., loosening his collar a little.

"May I ask a personal question?"

"I love them."

"Why do you hang your hat on the telephone?"

"Entirely in the interests of security.

In an office like this the national well-being demands that we keep all potential sources of information, even as unlikely a one as the telephone, under our hats."

"I see," said the M.A.T.B. thoughtfully. "Now, about these bells."

"Yes, about these bells. I am right in thinking your tactical aim is to cause the maximum alarm with the minimum delay?"

"That is so. At least you can take it as such in general. I was at the Ministry of Rehabilitation yesterday and when I went to site the Minister's personal bell his secretary flew at me like a tigress. 'The Minister is on no account to be disturbed,' she cried. 'But that's the whole idea,' I explained. 'He's got to be disturbed before he can get away from his window.' 'I'm here to be disturbed for him,' she said. 'In the event of an impending incident I shall pass on a suitable intimation.' 'Supposing you were away burying your grandmother?' I asked her. 'Funny I should say that, wasn't it?'"

"Most odd," I admitted.

"There won't be any nonsense of that sort here, I suppose, even if you are in uniform?"

"Good heavens, no," I said fervently. "Not a man of us is above a friendly tip where explosions are concerned. How many bells have we got?"

"Eight for the whole house."

"Perfect. If you would be good enough to see that between them they cover the octave then I can have the control panel in here on my desk, and when the policeman in the hall shouts 'Fliegende bombe Achtung!'—one can easily hear him all over the building—I can play 'The Keel Row' or 'The Bluebells of Scotland' or some other simple melody within my sphere of influence which will give the alarm without causing any unnecessary palpitations. When I was a little boy I kept asking for a carillon and a toy motor, and I never got either."

"Your luck's still out," said the M.A.T.B. not unkindly. "All my bells are B flat."

"There is no need to over-emphasize," I told him. "If you just say they are flat I shall understand perfectly."

"Now, what about the Air Commodore's bell?"

"His rank entitles him to a salute of four cannon or eight machine-guns," I said. "He must have at least one bell to himself."

"Where?"

"I don't think it matters, but I know he would like the arms of his old squadron on it to keep the thing homely."

"Ask the Chester Herald about that," said the M.A.T.B. stiffly. "Have you any Group Captains?"

"Of course I have some Group Captains," I said, trying to keep the hurt out of my voice. "But they present no problems. Wing-Commander Grumph, on the other hand, does."

"How so?"

"His hearing is not what one presumes it was. To be safe you will have to allot him two bells, one on top of his desk to warn him to climb under it, and one underneath his desk so that he will know when to come out again."

The M.A.T.B. closed his notebook with a snap.

"I think I will take a turn round the building," he said.

"It is entirely at your disposal," I told him. "About those bells?"

"Yes?"

"Put them anywhere you like," I said hospitably, taking from my intray a paper which turned out to be what was left of my wine-merchant's Order of Bottle.

ERIC.



Losing Face

THIS is my doodle-bug face. Do you like it?
It's supposed to look dreadfully brave.
Not jolly of course—that would hardly be tactful,
But . . . well, sort of loving and grave.

You are meant to believe that I simply don't care
And am filled with a knowledge supernal,
Oh, well . . . about spiritual things, don't you know,
Such as man being frightfully eternal.

This is my doodle-bug voice. Can you hear it?
It's thrillingly vibrant, yet calm.
If we weren't in the office, which *isn't* the place,
I'd read you a suitable psalm.

This is my doodle-bug place. Can you see me?
It's really amazingly snug
Lying under the desk with my doodle-bug face
And my doodle-bug voice in the rug. V. G.

o o

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THIS Fragment was due to a Mrs. Briddle who used to help us in the laboratory when we were short-handed. She was a very good judge of temperature, and if a thermometer was not available would point to a retort and say "That one will soon boil," confirmed by the facts being what she invariably was. She was also an accomplished glass-blower, though somewhat lacking in restraint. One day I was trying an experiment on the superiority of mind over matter and had just got her connected to the drill when she dropped her muff, which was asbestos and rather irksome to hold. Unfortunately, when I followed it under the bench I got caught in a man-trap which B. Smith had bought while teaching History on the Direct Method. To avoid boredom I wrote the following Fragment in the dust with my chin, the rest of me being immobile in the extreme, and had time to finish and do a fair copy before B. Smith remembered the combination, which turned out to be "Gadzooks."

SHE RAFFLED HIS SPATS.

(The scene is a Library, where LORD VINE, an Elder Statesman, is being interviewed by MISS THURMETT.)

LORD VINE. No matter how great the pressure of affairs, every morning for sixty years, wet or fine, I have translated a sonnet of Shakespeare's into Greek Iambics, No. 1, to be precise.

MISS THURMETT. Has your wife been a comfort to you in the heat and burden of the fray?

LORD VINE. So, so. I attribute my success—no—such success as has come my way—to the aid and companionship of my faithful horse "Liberal Allsorts."

MISS THURMETT. Anecdotes of Balfour?

LORD VINE. Nonsense, I can remember Gladstone. I once asked him what he thought of Disraeli. He said he was not a man with whom he would choose to go tiger-shooting. He also considered he was treading the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire, a remark I found striking but obscure.

MISS THURMETT. Whom do you consider to have been the most notable public figure of your time?

LORD VINE. My boyhood ambition was to earn sufficient to keep my mother, and this I have achieved, though fortunately it has not been necessary owing to the growth of our social services, for which I myself have not been without responsibility.

MISS THURMETT. Yes, but who . . .

LORD VINE. The guiding principle of my career has been to assist to successful fruition the characteristic tendencies of The Age and never to resign in mid-stream.

MISS THURMETT. All right, skip it. Who is your favourite author?

LORD VINE. Of all my achievements in public life the one to which I look back with the liveliest satisfaction is the stand I made on the Registration of Registrars Bill. As a solemn protest I withdrew from the House for a complete session, which gave me time to lay the foundations of my wife's fortune.

MISS THURMETT. Oh. Well, have you anything of interest to say on the Future of Women's Dress?

LORD VINE. To my mind the chief virtue of the British Constitution is its elasticity. It never lets you down.

MISS THURMETT. Do you consider the heart of England is the small farmer?

LORD VINE. I am reminded of a piece of secret history, now, I think, safely to be recounted. The Prime Minister of the day wanted to strengthen the Administration by importing some steady stuff from the back benches, and the Whips reported that a man called Bates held the record for taking part in divisions. As nothing was known against him he got the Post Office with a seat in the Cabinet, but unfortunately he was full of the idea that Service Starts at the Top, and, to our horror, at the first meeting he attended he tried to sell us all stamps, while the things he said about the virtues of thrift nearly made the Lord Privy Seal resign. Finally the P.M. got rid of him by giving him the Colonies, and he went out to farm in Kenya.

MISS THURMETT. I don't expect it's any good, but would you give our readers a few words on the Future of Aviation?

LORD VINE. Among the numerous testimonials of gratitude I have received both from private individuals and public corporations, the one which has most pleased me has been my election to the Board of the Octopus Finance Co., whose stirring motto, "Ubique," ever makes my blood flow more briskly through my veins.

MISS THURMETT. I suppose the only thing left to try now is a message to the Rising Generation.

LORD VINE. It has been indeed a pleasure to have this discussion with you, my dear young lady, and to hear your point of view, which, callow as it may be, is yet the authentic voice of youth, and now before you go I should like to read to you a few typical extracts from my speeches. At Eton . . .

MISS THURMETT. We reporters are never beaten: at least I can give the Crime Editor a break. (Shoots him.)

FINIS

o o

That Blank Look

"After using your — my face started to clear up at once and after using two jars of ointment it was gone altogether."

Adv. testimonial.

The Merchant Navy Men

THEY 'know no ease, the
Merchant Navy men,
Not home, with the good day
done,
But the high gale and the steep
sea,
The searing of cold and of sun;
Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in
the dusk, the dawn,
The flash and the tearing of steel,
The ice-wrap of the cold wave,
The cinders of thirst in the throat
And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see
these things alone;
No uniform, linking in pride,
Nor the hard hand and the
straight brace
Of discipline holding upright,
But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant
Navy men;

A wage, and the lot of the sea,
The job done, and their fair name,
And peace at the end of their way.
They give; must we not repay?

Punch Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie
Street, E.C.4

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

A Child's Guide to Liberated France

THE sea is very rough. The (ship, craft) is likely to (sink, go aground, pull through, return to port) at any moment.

The bathing season has (commenced, concluded). This beach is not suitable for bathing because of (currents, mines, wrecks, jelly-fish).

Let us dig our fox-hole here. The ground is (hard, wet, rocky, full of ants). That fox-hole is (mine, yours, his, occupied, the colonel's, under fire, in the path of the oncoming tank).

There are many means of conveyance. That is a (jeep, battleship, American lorry, pedal-cycle, horse).

May I have some bread? I am very content with a (biscuit, slice of Spam, boiled sweet).

The sniper is (in front, behind, to the left, to the right, aloft, under your ground-sheet).

This is the farm-house. It is (commodious, on fire, overcrowded, in ruins, deserted, very comfortable, to let).

When shall I have a proper cup of tea? (To-morrow, next month, next



NORMAN MINSTERIDGE

"I said: 'I suppose you chaps are often away from home for quite a long time.'"

year, when Naafi arrives, after the Armistice).

The wine of the country is very well known. It is (red, sold out, very costly, reserved for the officers' mess, corked).

This road leads to (the beach, Caen, Paris, the enemy's positions, the mobile cinema).

Do not follow this track. (Ten yards, two miles) along it is (a mine-field, an enemy machine-gun, a general's caravan, the sewage farm).

The vehicle is coming to rest. The

driver is (sick, tired, wounded, struck by lightning, a Cockney).

This is the tented camp. Here is your tent. My tent is (over there, leaking, blown down, occupied by a cow).

The enemy is (attacking, retreating, in that copse, in the cellar, in great strength, disorganized, very determined, on the point of surrendering, asleep).

I am a French (man, woman, child). Have you any (food, information, intention of going away again, chewing-gum)?



"I'm told that five seconds after the whirring sound stops it shouts a rude remark by Goebbels."

Dunmow

(The Dunmow trial is to be resumed this year, but Savings Certificates will take the place of the Flitch.)

WHEN musing on the Dunmow Flitch—
Majestic article of food,
Symbol of love that's known no hitch—
I've wondered in my darker mood
Just how the winners came to view it
Before they'd eaten half-way through it.

No doubt they'd tackle it with zeal
In early days, that happy twain,
But, later on, one can but feel
That when it came and came again
Even the purest love of bacon
Would be, by repetition, shaken.

And, further yet, one seemed to see
Those little nervous tremors rise
That lead to acid repartee
And tendency to criticize
Till hasty words grew wild and windy
And ended in a first-class shindy.

And when last year 'twas put about
That Dunmow's test would not be held
Though some bemoaned the lapse no doubt,
Finding their hopes of triumph quelled,
I, a more meditative chap,
Thought all was for the best, mayhap.

But now what happy news is spread?
What matter that the Flitch has gone?
Bacon is off, but in its stead
Saving Certificates are on,
And those by whom the prize is taken
May, for the first time, save their bacon.

And well befall that noble pair.
Nothing is here to bore and sate;
Larger 'twill grow, and yet more fair,
And, when it's reached its ripening date,
'Twill help to educate a small boy
Or buy new curtains and a tallboy. DUM-DUM.

Economics in the Office

I COULD do with economics if they didn't always mean economizing. Just as anybody can manage the Make-Doing, but it's the Mend, Mend, Mend that gets Doris and me, and the minute you put it on it goes again in another place. So we suddenly got tired of looking like the wreck of the *Hesperus* and she bought herself a coloured mack and I got a new summer frock—but I could see all along one of us was going to be sorry for those coupons and I'm afraid it's me, but Doris says it's us both because a cold drought, which is just about all we've had this wash-out of a summer, leaves everybody in the soup.

But when you've got nothing to wear you just can't go on wearing yourself out, and anyway I've always said it's just wishful thinking to talk as if the war won't ever be over, and not much of a compliment to our boys either if it comes to that. We've got to be ready now to switch over from a war economy to a peace economy, which is what Mr. Head and the Works Manager always end up with after they've finished with the output graph and Mr. Head has told him what he's been buying for the garden lately with his bridge winnings, though when he's losing it doesn't make any difference as far as I can see. But what Mr. Head says is look at the annual charge on income he used to be faced with for upkeep and maintenance of teeth, but now he's had them all out that particular item of capital expenditure won't ever be recurring again. So he goes and blues it all on those pinks the other day, being a bit tired of scarlet runners and greens.

But that's economics all over, and what's the good of making such a song and dance about how poor we're all going to be after the war when when we've stopped Saluting the Soldier and Wings for Victory we shall have all that extra money to spend? And look at the fuel saving when you can burn the black-out and all the hoarding-ups round doors and windows and eat up all the tins in store.

Besides, there's no excuse if you can't make ends meet nowadays because one office I was in I heard the other day the chief clerk is earning pounds every night washing up at one of the big hotels and wouldn't I like to see him doing it!

But you never know how economics will take people. Now there's a little dairy near that we sometimes go to for lunch in a hurry that charges 2d. for tea and 3d. for coffee,



"You can't fool me, Tommy—I told you last time you were evacuated what a cow is."

and Doris likes coffee best but if she's been a bit extravagant lately she has tea and gives herself a penny towards her next Savings stamp. But then the times she does feel like a cup of tea, she always has two, so it isn't every day of the week she can afford to economize.

Then last week she didn't go to the flicks with us but went twice this and had to borrow 1/9d. back from herself till Friday and sixpence from the petty cash she forgot all about till Willie couldn't balance, and what would the auditors say if they found a slip like that among the petties?

Our office-boy wishes sweets coupons were paid weekly like us, which I must say I always like myself because you can't get really spent up for more than a day or two. As it is, the way Willie does is to save up all his coupons till the very end of one period and then eat them and the next lot together and then he doesn't feel he wants any more for quite a few days, and of course there's something to be said for it with all these bombs about like the way you make sure of your butter.

Now Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service is just the opposite and can't bear to be absolutely spent up, whether it's soap or tea or what, and Jim says those two points of hers she always has left over at the last minute each month give us more trouble than President Wilson had over his whole Fourteen.

She's more complicated now than ever, because this last twice she's been kept late at the office her cat's stolen the lady below's sardines for her supper, so now when she buys a tin she halves the points with the lady below and thirds the sardines with Winston, because we're beginning to think he's as resourceful as his namesake.

Now Jim, my boy-friend in the Drawing Office and I, the way we economize is on my Saturday off we always go

to one of those restaurants that give you 10 per cent. off the bill if you're out before one. Though I will say this for the flying bombs, there's not nearly as many queues as there were, especially now so many Americans have gone to the invasion.

Besides, nobody says now is your journey really necessary. So Doris went and had a week with her aunt in the country who keeps hens for a good night's rest. Only they've got a new aerodrome near that keeps open all night, so she didn't get much sleep till she got back, because with no guns you can get quite a bit in between these new bombs if there isn't another All Clear.

I could do with this war, only nothing's ever the same two minutes together and you do get a bit tired of going on adapting yourself backwards and forwards. Now that last bit of a blitz in the spring Doris and I decided the thing to do was to imagine every time the warning went they were the very last sirens of the war (because after all they will be one day) and Doris was telling her grandchildren what they were like. Well, that worked all right for the real bombs but with these synthetic things, as Doris says, what's the good of telling yourself each siren is the last when I know as well as she does there'll be another lot in five minutes if it's one of those days.

But it's surprising how you can get used to anything and the things you do you could never have thought of yourself doing, let alone Mr. Head. The other day we had a Board meeting and I could hear one of those things getting nearer and nearer and everybody looking at everybody else, and suddenly Mr. Head jumped up and said if it was in order for him to take the floor he'd like to move an adjournment under the table. And down we all went in a second, me with the minutes and all, because it's a lovely wide table, which is just as well when you look at some of our directors, though how I kept a straight face till I could tell Doris about it we can't either of us think. And after we'd all bobbed up and down a couple of times they got tired of playing Ring a Ring o' Roses and we all stayed down, and Mr. Head told me afterwards it was the best Board meeting he'd ever attended if only someone had had a camera.





"He says—after you've done the mines, could you do a spot of threshing?"

In the Shelter

(R. B. to E. B. B.)

HOW well I know what we needs must do
When the light drains out of the sunset sky
(Late by an hour—or rather two),
We two together—you and I,
Wakeful, the long night through.

So, eat your fill ere the sirens sing;
"Twill stanch a little your qualms and fears—
No Orpheus now to sweep the string
And drown the song; and none to bring
The wax to stop your ears.

That long drear *tremolo*—you hear, I see!
And your heart beats in tune with my own,
Till the minor lifts to the major key
With its steady unwavering monotone,
Hours hence, and sets us free.

Hold the torch a moment—I'll take your hand.
We shall rest, half trouble-free, I think,

Thanks to the architect who spanned
Our tiny crypt with its arch of zine,
Safe, unsafe—you understand?

Oh, you, I know, take life with a shrug—
Triumph, disaster, just the same:
The Stoic's creed. (Will you draw the rug
A little closer?)—while with tail of flame
Hurtles the doodle-bug.

Fight down the craven thought that saith
"Another's loss is our private gain";
But the little less—and we hold our breath;
The little more—and we breathe again
At the passing on of Death.

Well, blow out the candle: we shall lie
Cramped, a trifle crumpled, in the dark;
In Love's strangest shelter, love, defy
The sudden silence, Life's broken arc,
Together—you and I.



THE SAGGING ROBOT

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,
—I know you will all be delighted to hear that I have persuaded Mipsie to take on the reminiscences of dinners, banquets and suppers, as I feel her experience has been fuller and perhaps more romantic than mine. Here goes, then:

Dinner has always seemed to me to be the high spot of the day. How my spirits rise at the mere preparations for it! Sitting at my dressing-table clapping on three or four diamond bracelets perhaps, or putting the final touches to encourage the natural bloom of a rosy cheek. (I am lucky that I scarcely ever need make-up—only a few simple preparations of my own, on sale anywhere, £5 purchasing the whole outfit, including a wonderful eyelash grower that never runs, but is easily removed with a little neat brandy.) Meanwhile, my maid slides on a gossamer stocking, and my mind slides ahead. What will the evening bring forth? What shall I gain—or what lesson shall I learn? For passionately as I love pleasure and excitement and vivid life, I have never lost sight of the fact that we are in the world to make progress, to become richer by experience. . . .

Never has this been more true for me than in the days, just after the last war, when I was living in America. My husband at that time was Julius Block—and a more generous man never drew dividends. Every evening when he came home from his office he would bring me some little trifle—a tiara or a fox cape perhaps. Sometimes it was just a cheque. But even a piece of paper from him meant much to me. I remember one evening when he brought me only a beautiful spray of blood-red orchids. "What lovely designs nature creates!" I exclaimed. "How wonderful that spray would look carried out in rubies!" Next week he laid the ruby spray—an exact replica of the original—in my lap. Small wonder that later on—shortly before his financial crash and tragic death at his own revolver—when he failed often to bring me these nocturnal evidences of his affection, I felt it so deeply that I could not bring myself to dine with him. I would retire to my room and order a snack of caviare and game to be brought me in bed. Sad dinners those were for me—so sad that the shape of my champagne glass would often be dimmed by tears. . . .

But there were gay evenings too, especially in the early days, when we entertained on a large scale. America has always been a great country for stunts, and as I have a particularly fertile imagination my feature parties quickly became all the rage. There was my Borgia dinner, in which everyone had to bring a poor relation as a taster; my lagoon party, with pools of different rare wines, surrounded by oysters, all over the garden; and a nymph and satyr party, in which every man had to wear goatskins on his legs, and all the women were clad entirely in rose-petals. It took ten of my servants two whole days sweeping up the petals afterwards.

But the most amusing dinner of all was my pets' party, whereat all the guests brought their favourite animals or birds, who had their own meal served to them next door to their owner. This meant a good deal of preparation, as of course I didn't know exactly what to expect. One friend had threatened to bring a leopard. That meant having raw meat ready to hand. Then fish for cats (Dover soles), bird-seed and dog-biscuits in plenty had to be laid in. I ordered a hundred-weight of buns in case of elephants. Then there were dozens of beautiful presents as favours. Every dog and cat had a collar studded with solid gold, with my initials on it, every bird a jewelled cage. When my guests were leaving, however, I saw to my horror that Mrs. Dwight B. Swatt, wife of the insecticide millionaire, was leaving with her pet—a delightful monkey in a tail coat—bearing no gift. "My dear," I said to her, "how awful! Where is your pet's favour?" "It's all right, Mipsie, lamb," she replied. "I've got my little white mouse, with your gorgeous little platinum treadwheel, in my reticule. This isn't a pet. It's my husband." It was quite true. It was Dwight Swatt, whom no one had ever seen before, as he was too busy making fortunes.

Many other dinners I remember keenly, from big house-party affairs at Brisket Castle, where we would often have so many dukes staying with us that I would play *ena mena mina mo* for which was to sit next to me at dinner, to homely little meals *à deux* at Foyot's or Larue. How often I would feel too that I had achieved more somehow in the simple environment of the latter rather than from all the grandeur of the former. This was mainly Bovo's fault (my first husband), as he would tactlessly bear down upon

me after dinner—when I was just cementing the warm beginning of a friendship started under the mellowing influence of dinner—with some silly suggestion of bridge or billiards. The golden thread would be snapped, the contact broken, and perhaps a firm friend and supporter, all too sorely needed by those of us who happened to be blessed (or should I say cursed?) with beauty, lost for ever.

Lasting friendship. Is it so much to ask? Someone whose solid, unwavering support will stand the test of time and importunity. Yet husbands get divorced or die, bachelors marry, old friends lose their worth, even millionaires go bankrupt or make cruel wills, as I know to my cost, having married three. And so life goes on . . . just—as the poet says—one darned husband after another. M. D.

Toller Applies

To Messrs. Troublefree Tours Ltd.

SIRS,—I am anxious to settle my future after the war, and although this application may seem premature coming as it does from a theatre of operations, I would nevertheless ask you to consider the possibility of my employment with your firm, having special regard to my knowledge of the French language now being enlarged in the course of duties on this front.

If necessary I am now qualified to conduct parties round the town of Bayeux, while perhaps groups of tourists will be interested to tour sections of the Normandy coast, in which case I would be able to give the history of beaches, and one beach in particular, in the manner of official guides over cathedrals. I have already collected data on this subject and am in the process of translating and making printable first-hand accounts of the characteristics of various spots along the shore.

With regard to my further qualifications for a post on the staff of a travel agency, I have been on the strength of a field unit stationed in England for the past four years, in addition to attending numerous courses, and have an intimate knowledge of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Kent, Surrey, Wiltshire and the Lake District, this knowledge including the majority of



"Here—we must get this right! Which of you is the Alert and which is the All Clear?"

inns, by-roads, fields, moors, rivers, woods, castles (requisitioned), lanes, tracks, bogs, as well as a number of private houses, families, gardens, picture collections, libraries, etc., which would be possible to point out to visitors in mentioning matters of interest taking place during the war years, such as the occasion when a carrier in my custody became submerged in a bog and is to the best of my knowledge still there.

In the matter of char-à-banc trips, I have a thorough knowledge of repair work should the vehicle break down. Should the char-à-banc be equipped with a radio receiving and transmitting set—as visualized in post-war development—I would be able to teach the correct speech procedure and even operate the set in morse, while so far as clear descriptive talks to syndicates of tourists are concerned I have considerable experience of giving verbal orders to members of a Scout Troop, including description of ground, and of taking Tactical Exercises Without Troops in which syndicates of N.C.O.s move about the country under the direction of the officer-in-charge,

although in this case naturally pleasure was not the object, and the attitude of a guide would have to be modified to suit tourists.

On the other hand, experience of man-management, understanding of halts and dealing with various temperaments should be valuable, and in this connection I have myself been interviewed by a psychiatrist whose methods, on consideration, I have elucidated and am prepared to apply in the correct atmosphere—possibly when the party is halted for tea and I am able to get the difficult customer alone in a corner.

With regard to long tours by train, or even across the Channel, I have been in charge of drafts by rail and boat and have only on two occasions mislaid them, only once seriously and this was due to the congestion of war-time traffic leading to my being caught in a refreshment-room scrum and being unable to fight my way out before

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

the departure of the draft without papers or knowledge of their destination, although this journey did assume the character of a pleasure-cruise as the draft finished up, and spent two days, at a south-coast resort. Presumably, however, these conditions will not obtain for tourists after the war.

On the question of salary, I am at the moment receiving 14s. 6d. per day with rations and 2s. allowance for providing my own sleeping accommodation in a sleeping-bag, but would require an improved salary for tourist-guide work. Perhaps, if this application is regarded favourably, the matter could be discussed on my return to England.

Yours faithfully,

B.L.A.

J. TOLLER, Lt.

o o

"After the last war changed social habits and the loss of potential husbands on the battlefield brought one and a quarter more single women into industry—a factor which was not adequately reckoned with. After this war such factors will not be overlooked."

Daily paper.

Elusive though they are.



"Will passengers for the 9.40 please TAKE THEIR SEATS."

The British Empiric

FRED and I got talking in The Owl the other night
And pretty well agreed to make the world a better sight.
Fred fixed Africa and I fixed Asia
And we both fixed Europe with a little euthanasia;
Fred fixed America (North and South);
I took Australia and saved it from the drouth;
Fred fixed islands wherever they occur;
I fixed the oceans and gave them all a stir;
Fred fixed the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer;
I fixed zones for the habitat of man, sir;
Fred fixed wheat and allocated zinc;
And just about then we were ready for a drink.
But when I fixed the Empire and hung it up to dry,
Fred fixed me with a very nasty eye:

"Please don't talk about the Empire.

Talk about the Commonwealth," says Fred,

"Making certain whether

You've run the words together . . .

Common Wealth means something else instead.

People who talk about the Empire

Are parasites and sybarites and such,

Reactionary Tories

With the roughest island stories

Of the red lines of heroes who demanded gory
glories

And the sorry Richard Grenville who disgraced
himself at Flores

And Blake who tried to interrupt the Dutch."

Fred says the only use for Commonwealths, he thinks,
Is as a kind of lab. for new experiments, like Stinks.
I said this sounded too imperial for me . . .
Chaps with diggings in the lab. might care to disagree,
For when you have ideas that have never been rehearsed
People like to try them out on other people first.
But Fred said no, we must join him to a man,
For we tend to stick together when we haven't got a plan
And that's the sort of sticking that gummed us up before
And foreigners will fight us just to obviate a war,
But if by force centrifugal we take the thing apart
And fiddle with the arteries and tinker with the heart
And peacefully experiment to make it disconnect,
They'll think we cannot fight them, which is probably
correct.

"So please don't talk about the Empire.

Call it the Empiric, if you wish.

Every man a surgeon,

That is what I'm urg'in'.

Cut it up and put it on a dish.

The thing about empiric operations

Is, nobody expects a big success.

If difficulties floor us,

The world will do it for us,

So just keep a-carving, with a shanty for a chorus:

'This auto-vivisection, far from making men
abhor us,

Is going to make us popular, no less.'"

Little Talks

WE're batting.
That was the Alert.
That's what I meant.

How?

I said to an old lighterman the other day "Where on earth are we now? Is it All Clear, or Half Clear, or what?" He said "Guv'nor, these days I never know if we're batting or bowling."

Jolly good. When do you expect the rocket?

Any night now. Probably to-night. It's my bath-night. I can't go near a bath without causing a doodle.

Same here. I see it's a 90-tonner now.

Yes. It's going up. But the part that goes bang is only ten tons.

That will be quite enough for me.

Anyhow, it should give Winston a fine opportunity. Hitler, who, like his own obscene pyrotechnics, rose rapidly to a prodigious height, startling the world with his noise and lurid glare, is equally bound to come down in due time.

Yes, and flatten half Europe when he does.

Oh, no. He'll turn up quietly in the Argentine, and be a bomb-bore at all the cafés.

Can we get him out of the Argentine?

I've thought of one way. We could make him a British citizen and have him extradited.

What for?

Violating the black-out with illuminated buzz-bangs.

I don't think he'll matter much more. Himmler's the lad. I bet Himmler is giving him hell.

I wonder who'll be the German Badoglio.

Goering.

Maybe. I'd love to see the Prussian Guard rehearsing the Hitler salute.

Imagine if Winston made our Army salute with the V-sign!

They'd love it.

It's funny to think he's still called the Minister for Defence.

Well, I don't know. Defence, I should think, is about his biggest worry just now.

Now don't start again about the rocket.

Certainly not. The news is capital.

Only I wish they wouldn't talk so much about "traps."

I know. When the papers smell a "trap" you can bet your boots the Germans will stroll out in perfect order.

Singing "We March Against England."

And what is a "key-bastion"? It's—

Dvinsk was. Heaven knows why. Everything the Russians take is a "key" something or other. Then, when they've got it, you find the real "key" is 100 miles on.

The next thing will be a "key-bottleneck."

I never know why "bottlenecks" are so poorly thought of. After all, they're perfectly designed to do a particular job. It's true they're smaller than the body, but so is mine.

Yes. You might as well talk about man-necks—or horse-necks.

I read somewhere the other day about an "automatic bottleneck."

I suppose the next war will be completely automatic. Robot guns firing at long-range rockets. Pilotless planes, crewless ships and no-man submarines. There won't be any expeditionary forces at all; and we shall live quietly at home—underground.

The next war will be the end of civilization.

That's what they said before this one. Now they say it will end in a Better World.

I hear Beveridge is writing a Third Report on How To Cure the Germans.

He should have begun with that.

By the way, how do you like our plan?

Rotten.

What's the matter with it?

Why can't you leave the river alone?

All you planners seem to have only one idea about rivers—and that is to put a wretched motor-track beside them.

But, my dear fellow, we want to throw the river open to the people—give them a view. All those wharves and warehouses—all those little alleys and higgledy-piggledy little houses—

Half a minute. "Wharves and warehouses!" They're the natural and proper things to have beside a river, especially if you're in a great port like the Port of London. You might as well remove all the shops from Regent Street.

There's a place for everything.

All right. Granted you don't want wharves and warehouses everywhere—granted you don't want them there—all I'm saying is that you're not "throwing the river open to the people" by constructing a motor-track beside it.

But, old boy, don't you like the Victoria Embankment?

Certainly not. Well, the Embankment's all right—in the sense that it does keep the water from flooding the town. But that's about all there is to

be said for it. And it doesn't always do that.

But, my dear fellow, the view—

The roadway is about the noisiest and most dangerous place in London. The people who dart along it in cars have no time to look at the view. The pedestrians who fight their way across to the riverside can scarcely hear themselves speak. And then there's nowhere to sit. The only people you ever saw sitting on the Embankment were the down-and-outs.

It's a magnificent highway; it bypasses the Strand.

That's all you think about, making things easy for the motors! And now you want to do the same thing here. You come down here on a Sunday evening and you'll see crowds of people strolling about, sitting about and really enjoying the river. They like the little alleys and the narrow road and the higgledy-piggledy houses—which, by the way, are the homes of citizens. There are no motors and you can hear yourself speak. There's a boat-house. There are pubs with gardens on the water-side. It may look untidy to a town-planner, but it's natural, it's pretty, and, above all, it's quiet. Now you want to sweep all this away and drive a confounded race-track through it so that business men who don't live here can rush through our little borough at sixty miles an hour. No, thank you, if you must have more race-tracks set them well back from the river. And that's not all—

I don't think—

That's what I'm complaining about. Another thing. When you do away with the wharves and boat-houses and pubs and so on, and put up your grand embankment you make the shore completely useless to the mariner. You put up stone stairs where nobody can secure a boat. Not so much as a ring. No ladders—nothing. On the Victoria Embankment there are sixty-six lions' heads with great rings through their noses: and nobody's allowed to use them. One might be off Cape Horn.

I'm afraid you're not very progressive-minded.

You're a Prog.

What's a "Prog."?

A prig who goes about calling himself "progressive."

You're not very polite.

I hope the rocket gets you. What's that?

The All Clear.

We're bowling.

A. P. H.

At the Play

"MACBETH" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

DURING a northern visit the Bank-side Players gave *Macbeth* gallantly in the open. But the murder at Inverness (castle with the delicate air) and the later dark doings at Forres and Dunsinane are not meant for the lawn: in a pastoral performance the only gainer can be the temple-haunting martlet. At Hammersmith the tragedy—in Bradley's words a tragedy of a "black night broken by flashes of light and colour"—has come indoors, still king of infinite space though it is bounded in the nutshell of the Lyric stage.

In recent years there have been few genuinely dominating *Macbeths*. Possibly Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER was nearest to the character. Mr. GIELGUD delivered the great speeches eloquently, and as far back as 1937 Mr. DONALD WOLFF let us see in the suburbs a first impression of what in revival should be a powerful reading. But we have had too often a performance which has relied on the sound and thrown away the sense. "What care these roarers for the name of king?" as the Boatswain says in *The Tempest*. Played with all the stops out, this king becomes a mere clamorous harbinger of blood and death.

Mr. ERNEST MILTON is too good a Shakespearean to treat the part like this. But we have to accept the fact that although his personality dominates, it is not the right personality for *Macbeth*. He presents a brooding intellectual—sometimes, it seems, under hypnotic influence, now and then in sudden wild flashes a very flying Scotsman. Undoubtedly this Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor is a force in debate at Duncan's court. But is he a soldier? Could he ever have been Bellona's bridegroom lapped in proof? Could he have unseamed Macdonwald from the nave to the chaps? One is dubious. Throughout, too, Mr. MILTON's face is as a book where men may read strange matters. One feels that after Duncan's death the thanes would have arrested

this First Murderer on suspicion, certainly not have crowned him at Scone and so doomed their country to many eleventh-century equivalents of the "night of the long knives."

On the stage Mr. MILTON can encompass the rarefied, the fantastic, the bitterly jealous, the neurotic. In *Macbeth* he can give us only a part of the man, the haunted thinker. For once he does not strike fear—which will surprise all who saw the passage between the King and Hubert in the Old Vic. production of *King John*.



MORE RESTLESS NIGHTS

Lady Macbeth MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT

On the other hand, Mr. MILTON speaks the poetry with the strong imagination (as well as some of the curious mannerisms) typical of him. An early speech is notable. He is among the few *Macbeths* who have seen the air-drawn dagger: not many actors could have made more of this daunting set-piece, and we shall remember the performance principally for such felicities as this, the delivery of "Stars, hide your fires," and the sweeping gesture at "making the green one red." A last note. Mr. MILTON never forgets the presence in the alphabet of the letter "r": here he is a pattern for some of his contemporaries.

Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT's queen of air and darkness has developed since she acted the part at the Old Vic nine years ago with the late Ion Swinley, another fine Shakespearean temperamentally out of touch with *Macbeth*. At the Lyric, Miss BENNETT, good as the tigress of the first scenes, is better still as the conscience-laden Queen, wan beneath her glittering diadem and craving the season of all natures, sleep. Blessedly, she does not try to overload the sleep-walking: her simple treatment sustains a scene which has suffered in the past from a variety of experiments, some of them grotesque.

The remainder of the acting is straightforward. Mr. OLAF POOLEY's *Macduff* lays on heartily and speaks out at all times, but the player has little or no pathos and the end of the English scene collapses. Mr. WILFRED FLETCHER is a lean and hungry *Banquo*, more impressive as a ghost than in life; *Duncan* is spoken plummily by Mr. RICHARD CUTHBERT; Mr. PETER BENNETT gets through the *Porter* as quickly as possible; and the three *Weird Sisters* (who also "double" the apparitions) cackle their way from blasted heath—an unpleasantly topical adjective—to doom-filled cavern without persuading one of their other-worldliness. Miss IRLIN HALL brings more feeling than usual to *Lady Macduff*—a short part admirably done—and Mr. AUBREY MORRIS's *Ross* represents Caledonia stern and mild. As a *Lord*, an *Old Man*, *Angus*, a *Sergeant*, and a *Murderer*, Mr. R. SPRANGER

has a versatility reminiscent of another protean performer, Walter Plinge, not often seen in these days.

Mr. STEPHEN THOMAS's production, set in curtains, is uncomplicated. The meagreness of the banquet may be one of the reasons why, in Mark Twain's phrase, the guests would have "shone at a wake, but not at anything more festive."

Finally, a notice in the programme may be of historical interest one day. "This theatre," it reminds us with simple brevity, "adjoins the Metropolitan Station, and the noise of passing trains should not be confused with that of enemy action." J. C. T.

The Re-Vacuee

STANDING on the doorstep surrounded by the ramshackle trappings of the evacuee, some well-worn suitcases, a tricycle, a fish-basket overflowing with books, boots and toys, I rang the bell with confidence.

Without the romance of the refugee proper, or the standing of the Jew who claimed his years of experience to have reached thousands, still I was an old hand. A re-vacuee.

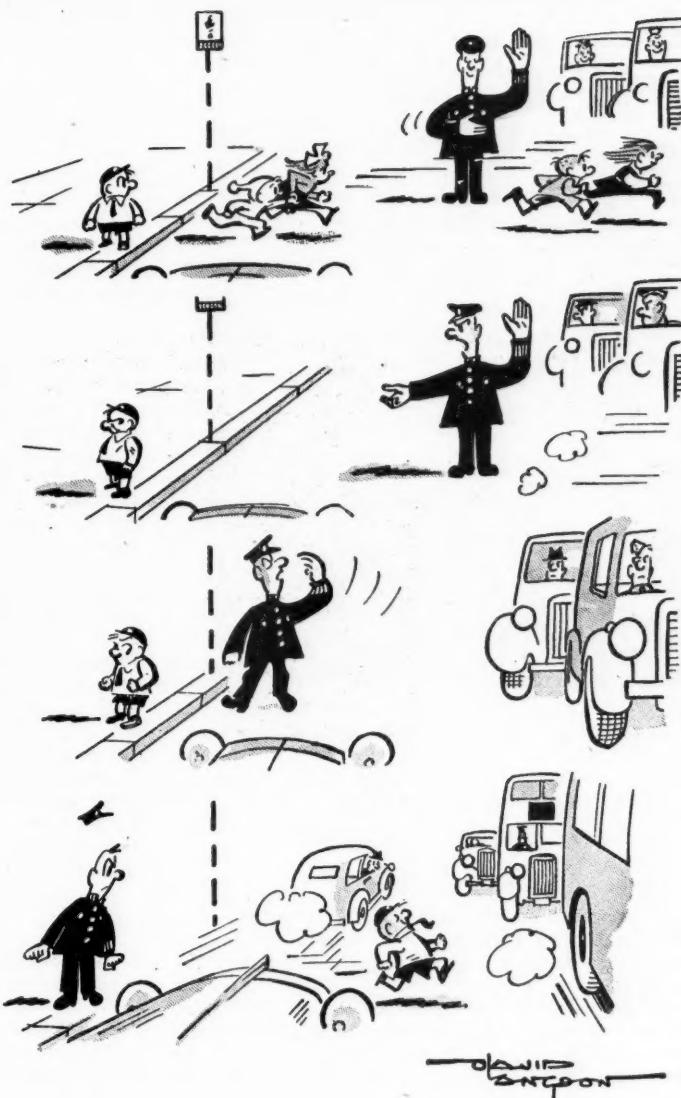
Hostesses of charm, of hostility and of indifference had been my lot. Great houses and humble, beautiful and ugly, had taken me in. Lifelong friends and complete strangers, relations I had avoided and acquaintances I had once ignored, hotels, pubs and lodgings, clean and dirty, good, bad and indifferent, all had had a turn.

I faced one more hostess without a qualm.

The conviction that boredom is better than bombs quickly fades; a sigh of relief does not last for ever; a quiet night is soon taken for granted; counting one's blessings palls.

A fortnight was enough. The tales of my hostess's illnesses were long and repeated, her nieces sounded dreary girls, the topic of margarine and lard had become monotonous. I had agreed too often about the handsomeness of her carpets, the daintiness of her lace curtains. I thoroughly understood that the absence of doilies and the silver centre-piece was entirely due to patriotism. I had listened to too many little poems about Dunkirk, and knew both General Montgomery's and Princess Margaret Rose's favourite flowers. She was so fond of doing things for others, she would explain as she hid her sweet ration. She was generous to a fault, but sweet things were so bad for children. She was so thankful she had a sense of humour, she would add as she retailed the insults she had received. It was odd that no one had been to see her this week: she had so many dear friends, they quite wearied her with their attentions. Was I going down the town? There was the wireless to take, and if I'd call for the potatoes . . . She'd love the walk herself, but the doctor . . . I was wondering how to break it nicely to her that I would look for other rooms when she accosted me on the stairs.

"I think, dear," she said, "that I should be better suited with someone else. I am so devoted to children I shall miss your two dreadfully, but if you could . . ."



How maddening that I hadn't got my word in first! My eager agreement sounded merely polite.

I trudged the streets for hours. My shoes, newly-rescued after six weeks at the Hey Presto Two-Hour Menders, were frayed at the heels. Hot, dusty and cross I returned. I was greeted at the door.

Could I, I hastened to gobble up my humble pie—could I, if I went out to all meals, if I scrubbed the basement, swept the steps, dug the garden, if the children . . . well, could I in fact possibly stay another fortnight?

A sweet smile spread over the smug face of my hostess.

"Of course, dear," she said. "Come

in and sit down. You are tired. Do take a chocolate . . . they are coffee."

What had come over her? She had realized my merit after all. Oh, well. Or was she sorry for my plight? I had misjudged a kind heart. As we passed the hall table she picked up a card and put it quickly into her bag. But not before I had had time to read:

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and across the corner in pencil:

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A Blunted Edge

THE title-page of *The Razor's Edge* (HEINEMANN, 12/6) contains a quotation from the Katha-Upanishad—"The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path to Salvation is hard." Although razor's edges are not what they were before the war, they are happily still very far from providing a plausible physical analogy to the broad track along which Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's youthful American hero ambles towards salvation. *Larry*, an aviator in the last war, leaves the States for France in 1919, preferring to study philosophy at the Sorbonne on a pittance of seven to eight hundred pounds a year rather than join a wealthy firm in Chicago and make a good match. His betrothed follows him to Paris, and he suggests that they shall marry and pursue the search for truth together. "I was reading Descartes the other day," he tells her. "The ease, the grace, the lucidity. Gosh!" Her refusal does not put him out. Nothing indeed puts him out. He is always amiable, charming and, as his affairs with a farmer's widow and an artist's model show, compliant within the limits imposed by his quest for salvation. From India, where he practises meditation and reaches "the realization that the self is one with the supreme self," he returns to Paris. There, in a particularly lurid brothel, he meets Sophie, with whom when they were both in their teens he had read poetry in Illinois. Having lost her husband and baby in a car accident, she has abandoned herself wholeheartedly to every form of vice. *Larry*, steeped in the spiritual wisdom of the East, takes

her out of the brothel, offers her marriage, drags her back into the respectable set she once mixed with, and is mildly surprised, and almost for once put out, when she goes back to her old life and has her throat cut by a transitory lover. "She had a lovely soul, fervid, aspiring and generous," he muses after her murder. "Her ideals were great-hearted." On the other hand, *Elliott Templeton*, an American snob, is pictured with almost as much relish and skill as Alroy Kear in *Cakes and Ale*, and with a tenderness which Kear was not so fortunate as to evoke. It is a pity that Mr. MAUGHAM did not concentrate on *Elliott Templeton*, deleting *Larry* altogether. John Bunyan would have made a mess of *Elliott Templeton*, and, conversely, Mr. MAUGHAM is a surer chronicler of a snob's progress than a pilgrim's.

H. K.

A Prophet to the Rescue

A long, rather unkempt novel—whose apparent insouciance suits its theme, the unsettled Kansas of the 'seventies—*The Locusts* (GOLLANCZ, 12/6), has been vigorously translated from the German of Herr OTTO SCHRAG by Mr. RICHARD WINSTON. Its theme is a red-headed Mormon preacher's vision of the land—the land as a mystic battlefield on which all God's people must needs exhibit their prowess. *Jeremiah Kentrup* has led a hundred of his followers to the reclamation of a desolate plateau; and just when their task looks like succeeding there breaks out a plague of locusts. Along with the locusts come usurers and profiteers, ready to buy the stripped fields from their starving owners. *Jeremiah* starts a crusade to fight the locusts, leaving only just enough land, cordoned by flood and fire, to ensure the community's survival. His mission—as unacceptable to the farmers as to the moneylenders—entails a series of perilous adventures in which a whole Roaring Camp of miners and cowboys play characteristically tough or kindly parts. The dying schoolmistress from whose cowboy husband's wagon *Jeremiah* delivers part of his message, and the French gold-pro prospector whose first nuggets turn up when they dig his grave, are only two of this original novel's picturesque and memorable cast.

H. P. E.

Believing in Whales

Miss DOROTHY GRAY, author of *Hotel Receptionist* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 8/6), describes a conversation with a small boy who did not doubt mermaids but said, "What I can't believe in is whales." She explains that readers of her very grim book will discover "a great many almost incredible but very real whales," and will tend to fall back on (her own phrase!) "pleasant and plausible mermaids." Well, a certain clergyman once made a slip in a sermon and declared that "Jonah did swallow the whale," and though we would prefer to be on the side of the mermaids and believe the author to be a bit of a Jonah, she guarantees that her facts are true and understated. She describes first-hand experience of different jobs in different hotels for twenty years; and what she has to say about staff conditions, "graft," poor food, long hours, tipping (here one would like to hear about the no-gratuity hotels, though), makes distressing reading. Her book backs Mr. Bevin's reference to sweated industries in his introduction to the Catering Bill, and mentions that the position of staffs with regard to the Factory and Shops Acts does not seem to be clear since, though working hours may be limited, hotel hours cannot be so restricted. It is a marvel that she can write with humour. Even if she could have been unlucky so very many times her book should do good if it makes us more considerate to those who wait on us.

B. E. B.

Day-Dreams

If to travel is better than to arrive, *Young Tom* (FABER, 7/6) is one of the most delightful of all fantasies. You gather that there has actually been a terminus to the Tom trilogy—*Uncle Stephen*; and a station mid-way—"The Retreat." But the reader who has never heard of either until he picked up *Young Tom* is not in a position to guess what *Young Tom*, *Uncle Stephen* (now defunct) and the rest of the cast are really driving at. This matters the less, as their drift is enjoyable in itself. A highly imaginative small boy, living in a dream world which entails the usual difficult accommodations with reality, *Tom*, his dog friends, Roger, Pincher and Barker, and his young naturalist's setting of beasts and landscape, are a feast in themselves. Any plot there is, is extraneous and imposed. *Tom's* parents' views, for instance, on etiquette bring about a typical "situation" when *Tom* takes condign reprisals on the cad who shoots his squirrel. At one point too, his mother's dreams, revived in the Victorian songs of her youth, touch his own. But, for the most part, Mr. FORREST REID has chosen to depict a child's interior world, preserved almost combatively—as such worlds are—in solitude.

H. P. E.

The German Problem

Mr. LOUIS NIZER's *What To Do With Germany* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6), which has a preface by Viscount Maugham, should appeal to perplexed minds anxious for a clear-cut clarification of a somewhat complex problem. "Is there a solution for the German problem which will remove its recurrent threat to world peace?" Mr. NIZER asks, and replies "There is." After a summary of German history which, if it does not support Mr. NIZER's thesis that Hitlerism is as old as the German people, at least adduces some interesting proofs that it was already powerful in 1900, Mr. NIZER comes to his plans for the punishment of Germany. He is not in favour of the compulsory sterilization of the fifty million German men and women within the procreation ages, feeling that it "would arouse violent dissents in religious and other circles and breed disunity among the victors." What would satisfy him would be the trial, ending in as many cases as possible with the death penalty, of about 150,000 Nazi officials, of the members of the Reichstag, of senior officers in the services, and so on. There must be an international economic control of Germany, and her entire educational system must be replaced by a programme of re-education carried out by German liberals under the supervision of a world super-national organization. Finally, "after due punishment and prophylactic measures have conditioned the offender," she will be welcomed back into the family of nations. How, while all this is going on, the family of nations will be faring among themselves Mr. NIZER does not venture to predict.

H. K.

Sir Thomas Beecham

How does a man become a legend? The pages of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM's autobiography, *A Mingled Chime* (HUTCHINSON, 16/-), seem all the time as if about to disclose the secret, like the conjurer who says that if we watch very carefully, he will show us, slowly, exactly how he did that last trick—thus—and thus—and then so—then tantalizingly bows low and disappears leaving us as much in the dark as ever. At any gathering of musicians you will hear the latest "Beechamiana"—stories of his prodigious memory, his irreverent wit, his autocratic ways ("But, Sir Thomas, I cannot sing it at that speed!") "Very well, Madam—then you will be left behind") and in this book, with its wealth of incident and anecdote, you catch gleams

of the brilliance reflected from the prism of his unique personality. As a member of the musical public—which he holds in affectionate contempt—one admires wholeheartedly Beecham the conductor and champion of British music, Delius in particular; and it is fascinating to read Beecham the author relating the story of Beecham the scholar, musician and connoisseur of the arts, and describing the struggles of Beecham the impresario and financier to establish British opera a generation ago. Whether one agrees or disagrees with him is no matter—one looks forward to the appearance of his second volume.

D. C. B.

Wounded Home

There is one scene of unsurpassed poignancy near the beginning of Mr. BRIAN STONE's *Prisoner From Alamein* (WITHERBY, 8/6). Grievously wounded in a minor skirmish between tanks and guns the writer is lying helpless and bleeding to death near a German position. When anything stirs in the haze of heat and sand British gunners drop shells with such maddening accuracy near the spot that German would-be rescuers are driven back again and again. Light-headed and floating peacefully away into that world of music that is his dearest possession the wounded Englishman tries to sing the theme from the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, thinking that in so doing he will make them understand he appreciates their efforts. He has, unfortunately, little else to place to the credit of either German or Italian, his experiences in days of horrible pain and growing convalescence up to the time of his repatriation leading him to expect not much but brutality from the one or inefficiency from the other. He tells of light-tank reconnaissance work over the spaces of the desert in the days before he was suddenly struck down, throwing into the record of a life that he vividly enjoyed quick sketches of unforgettable characters and details of incidents that are of the true stuff of war.

C. C. P.



"I'm fed up with hearing about a patched-up peace."

Holiday

"**M**UCH as I like our Kugombas," said Lieutenant Symphon as we settled down in opposite corners of our compartment on the night train to Jerusalem, "it will be pleasant to have a full week away from them. I feel that if I do not speak any Swahili for seven days the English language may gradually come back to me. Just before I came away things were getting desperate, and even when I was speaking to Englishmen a flood of Swahili would come pouring out before I could stop it."

Knowing Symphon, I did not put too much faith in his determination to avoid Kugombas. He is of an incurably friendly disposition where dark men are concerned, and when we got out at Gaza to have breakfast I was horrified to see an African, in the usual big floppy hat and with the usual wide grin, approaching us in a purposeful way.

"Jambo, effendi," he said to Symphon. He was obviously going to ask us where he could buy cigarettes, or something like that, and I knew that this would lead to Symphon giving him some cigarettes and then asking him what Company he was in, and in the end promising to visit him in the East African Leave Camp in Jerusalem.

There was only one thing to be done. I burst into a flood of Sesuto, which is Greek to East Africans, and dragged Symphon away.

"He'll think we are Basuto officers," I whispered. "They wear Pioneer badges, just like we do. It was the only way to get rid of the man without hurting his feelings."

All the rest of the journey we kept meeting East Africans in the corridors, but by adopting the same subterfuge we managed to ward them off. I had

to do all the talking, because Symphon does not know any Sesuto. I learned what I know of it during a bout of malaria in 1942, a false rumour having reached me that I was to be posted to a Basuto Company.

Our bluff was nearly called once, when we changed at Lydda, because the officer who had come up with the East Africans got into our carriage, and it happened that some months earlier he had worked with Basutos.

"Splendid fellows, Basutos," he said enthusiastically. "I was broken-hearted when I was transferred to East Africans. East Africans are not bad, but they are not a patch on Basutos."

Symphon nearly burst with rage. To me, Basutos and Kugombas are like the pot and the kettle, tarred with the same brush, but Symphon considers his Kugombas the finest fellows under the sun, and he fires up if he hears them compared unfavourably even to the Scots Guards. I could see that he was about to hurl abuse at the innocent officer, which would have given the game away, so I hastily called his attention to the magnificent view and he put his head out of the window and luckily got a smut in his eye, which lasted until we reached Jerusalem.

We took our luggage to our hotel, and I went off to have a look at the Old City, while Symphon went off to find a place where they sold draught beer. In King David Street I met a perspiring East African officer conducting an enormous party of Kugombas, and I was gladder than ever that I had used my wits on the train and thus avoided getting us landed with a similar job. I met the party again on the Dome of the Rock, and by this time it was clear that the conducting officer had about had enough. The

trouble with East Africa is that missionaries have been very busy there, and the average East African knows far more about Biblical history than the average Britisher, and the officer was being bombarded with questions in Lagomba that he found difficulty in answering, even with the aid of a guide book that fluttered feverishly in his hand.

I went back to the hotel, and Symphon said that he had found an excellent place where they not only sold excellent draught beer but had a bagatelle table which worked when you put a piastre in the slot.

"Personally," I said, "I didn't come to Palestine to drink draught beer and play bagatelle. I came to see Palestine."

"I'm glad you feel like that," said Symphon heartily, "because that East African officer we met in the train was in this bar I'm telling you about, and he said there were a lot of Basutos in the African Leave Camp who wanted to go to the Sea of Galilee to-morrow, but there were no Sesuto-speaking officers available. He asked me if I would take on the job, but I said my Sesuto wasn't good enough. So I volunteered your services. It will mean getting up rather early, as they start off at 6.30, but I'm sure you don't mind that."

Every Little Helps.

"Oxford University is to establish a Polish Faculty of War."—*Notts paper.*

"The bride . . . did not carry a bouquet or the bridal attendants."—*Local paper.*
There's a war on; let 'em walk.



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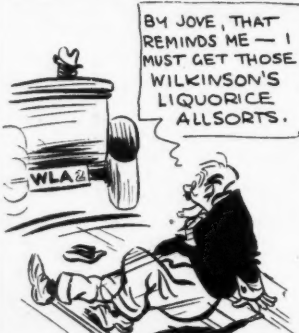
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...the Life-boats and their heroic crews are taking their part in the war. It has put an extra strain upon them. Please make an extra effort to supply the funds that maintain the National Life-boats. Send us whatever you can afford.



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Life-boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
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**Saving coal—
Saving labour**

In hundreds of important industrial concerns Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Stokers are giving their efficient service and at the same time saving valuable coal and labour. We are concentrating on the industrial sizes and the supply of the popular domestic models is restricted. These will, however, be in full supply as soon as circumstances permit.

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"FIRST AND FOREMOST"
Automatic Coal Stokers
Ashwell & Nesbit Limited
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I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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BUT ESCAPE CERTAIN

for entire Family even from highest floor if Automatic DAVY is fitted. Average cost £20.

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DAVY Automatic FIRE ESCAPE



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FOR THE
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A perfect dressing and a sovereign specific against falling hair, scurf and dandruff. Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp. Petrole Hahn is non-inflammable.

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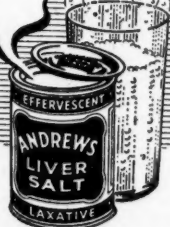


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Made only for Infants
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so much depends
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**INNER
CLEANLINESS**



Your health, looks and spirits improve when you make Inner Cleanliness with Andrews your first health rule. See how Andrews cleanses: **FIRST**, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. **NEXT**, it settles the stomach, neutralises acidity. **THEN**, it tones up the liver, and **FINALLY**, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

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TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING
Family size tin 2/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

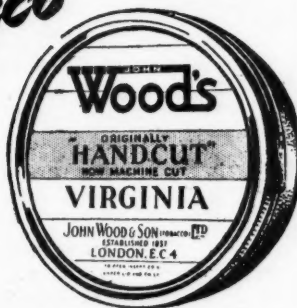
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The Tobacco

Obtainable
Everywhere

IN THREE STRENGTHS
MILD—MEDIUM—FULL
at 3/0½d. per ounce

ESTABLISHED
1837



"I WAS A 'WALKING CASE' FOR YEARS!"



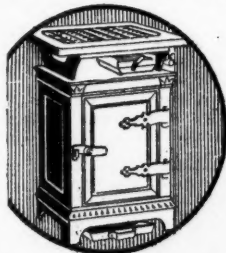
The conditions of strain under which we live to-day are rousing thousands of people to the need for proper foot-care—just as they roused this doctor. We've never been so busy. Every day, we're soothing painful joints, removing hard callouses, re-balancing broken-down arches and correcting faulty posture. If you're a 'walking case' let us help you too!

Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances are obtainable at all Scholl Depots, chemists, shoe-dealers and stores.

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In use since 1892.

-Still in good condition



You can
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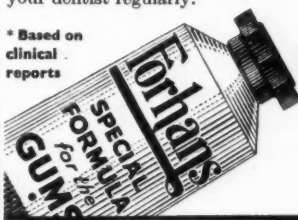
Many improvements have been made to Main Cookers since this veteran was designed. But the fact that it continues to give satisfaction after 50 years service is further proof that the Main has always been "the best of its time". The post-war models will carry on that proud tradition.



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Gum Trouble
but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

* Based on
clinical
reports

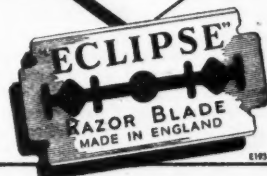


ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

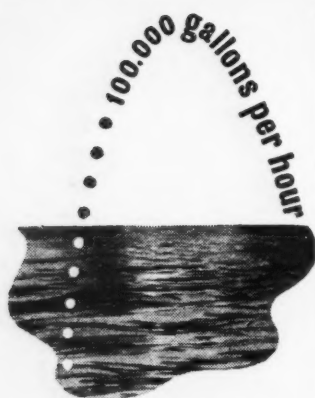
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A good
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to you!



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The 1944/5 Hayward-Tyler Pumps are **available** to priority users. The motor, water-lubricated and coupled to the pump under water, gives high efficiency. Easy to instal and maintain, these units give the **highest output** from great depths at the **lowest cost**.

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FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS
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SWEAR
by
KOLYNOS!
of course

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Safeguard Your Teeth!



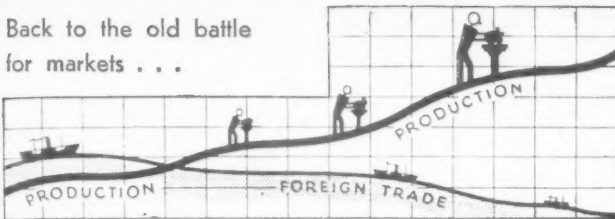
With **KENT** Exclusive **BLENDED BRISTLES**

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

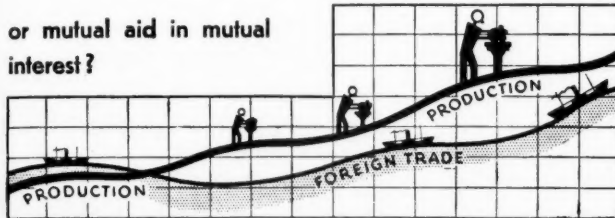
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Best British Brushes

AND WHEN THE WAR IS WON

Back to the old battle
for markets . . .



or mutual aid in mutual
interest?



In the kind of world that will exist when the 'Cease Fire' sounds there will be no place for the old, narrow, economic rivalries. We believe that the success of lease-lend has proved the principle of industrial collaboration to be a working formula not only for victory, but for a just and durable peace.

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NOW AT YOUR SERVICE for Vital War Work

We are glad to be able to announce that Kango Electric Hammers can now be supplied against I (A) Priority requirements (only) for really vital war work.

The KANGO ELECTRIC HAMMER

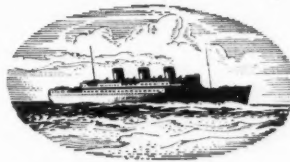
has many special War uses, including—

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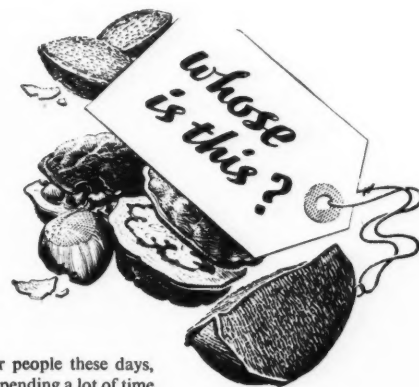
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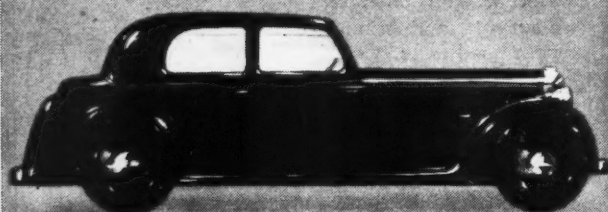
cularly with woven endless belts, which are a cure for many industrial headaches. The point is that when it comes to belting of all kinds, asbestos products, friction materials, brake and clutch linings, packings or jointings we're not just manufacturers. If you use any of these things you'll find that we've got the answer to most of the problems which crop up from time to time and if we haven't, well . . . we like hard nuts to crack.

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They go forward
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They shall lack nothing
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We are
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each one of us—
to SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
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